

[ORIGINAL.]  
**FORMALITY.**

BY ISA. ARMAND ESTHERET.

I wandered o'er a cold and desert land.  
 The white earth rang beneath my feet; the frost  
 Wove jewels in my beard, and all around  
 I saw huge icebergs pierce the sky, and send  
 A shiver through the air. A freezing crowd  
 Was pressing on, besieging these cold peaks  
 With bitter cries.

I learned these icebergs were  
 The homes of living men—that far beneath  
 The icy shell there glowed a genial warmth.  
 Hope flashed within my heart, and gave my limbs  
 A giant's strength. I rushed along, and struck  
 A peak with wild, resistless force. The shell  
 Was shattered—through the opening crevice gleamed  
 A flash of leaping, laughing fire. The crowd  
 Filled all the air with shouts of joy, until  
 The cold peak quivered with the sound—but he  
 Within seemed stung with shame, to show the world  
 That warmth was found beneath his icy shell.

He closed the crevice—closed each door of air  
 Until the fire grew dim and died; and then  
 He lay and shivered till his limbs grew cold  
 And stiff as death.

I heard a voice.  
 A light flashed through my brain. A truth  
 Had been revealed—a lesson taught.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE HOOD AND CLOAK.**

BY LIZZIE E. BREWSTER.

It was two days before Christmas, chilly without, but warm within; and so, negligently reclining upon a sofa, I read—contented to let the world manage its own holidays, so long as I was sure of mine. But just then I was disturbed; a note had been left for me at the door. Quickly my eyes ran over the tiny sheet, so closely filled with its delicate running chirography; but the news I wanted was not there. vexed, I tossed the gilt-edged messenger to the opposite end of the lounge, and sank into a half true, half improbable speculation, upon the inconstancy of man.

"Of all the unsatisfactory creatures upon the earth, young doctors stand *par excellence*." This was my exclamation; and for a while, I rather encouraged the disappointed feelings the note had aroused. "Taking the entire class, I do think they are the most stupid set in existence." But here I paused; for, looking up, I met the clear, calm depths of Aunt Martha's eyes. I did not like the rebuke they silently conveyed, so continued, determinedly: "But, auntie, I really do think so!"

"What?"

"That the graduates from every medical college in the land are a set of heartless heathen—only fit to take their own drugs."

But she gently shook her head.

"You don't include *him* in that sweeping assertion, do you?"

"Indeed I do, then; he is the most heartless of them all, and what's more—"

"Hush, hush, child! Don't say what you may live to regret."

"Regret!" There was all the contempt of my nature accented upon that one word. Good Aunt Martha seated herself beside me.

"Now, Hattie, what is it so provoking?"

"It's enough to provoke any one. Wait, though, till I tell you." And I continued growing more vexed, as I recited my troubles. "Last week Dr. Hope invited me to the sleighing party for to-morrow night, which is Christmas eve. Everything is splendid, all our set are going, and we never had so fine sleighing before. But the doctor is not to be found; he has left town, without a word to any one—gone, nobody knows where; and what is worse, there is not one bit of an apology for me."

"But you are unreasonable—he might have been called unexpectedly!"

"Yes, there it is; unexpectedly, or suddenly, or some other excuse, covers all the short-comings of these sons of Esculapius. I'm heartily tired of it. As to waiting for his return, I'll not do it, but accept Ned's invitation this evening."

"O, I wouldn't!" broke in Aunt Martha, upon this tirade. "You may be sure he'll come, if he can; and even if he shouldn't, I would stay at home."

"Yes, and have it said I didn't join the party because the doctor was away."

"And 'twould be the truth, wouldn't it?"

"It sha'n't be, for I'm going!" And I picked up the note and threw myself back upon the luxurious cushion, more troubled than ever—less because I had spoken words I did not believe of a good man, than that I was sorry for them as soon as uttered.

Aunt Martha laughed; this was the drop in the overflowing cup, and my slippor beat an angry note upon the carpet. After a few moments' silence, she left the room; while I, for appearance's sake, lifted the open volume still lying face downward beside me, and feigned to read. Soon some one entered.

"Hattie dear," it was Aunt Martha's gentle tones, "I'm going out now; if you have purchases to make, I'll attend to them."

The memorandum I had already prepared;

so springing lightly up the broad steps, from my room I brought my portemonnae and dropped it over the balustrade into the hands upturned to receive it.

" You'll not see me again till tea-time. Good-by! I'll try to find the doctor." And then the street door closed, and I was alone.

Walking back to my chamber, I paused before Aunt Martha's door. It was unfastened, and pushing it open, I entered. There was something of the owner's spirit pervading this room. I always felt more calm and quiet here, and now its gentle, sunny influence soothed the inward chafings. I walked to the window; but the still falling snow brought too vividly the memory of my disappointment; and, turning away, my eyes fell upon the writing-desk, wherein lay secrets I longed to see revealed. The drawer was fastened, but upon the floor, with the draught of the register rustling its unclasped leaves, was the treasure I had so long coveted, Aunt Martha's journal. She had evidently been writing, for the still undried ink accounted for its appearance. Four hours were safely mine. Bounding to the hall, I ordered that no one should be admitted, that I was engaged until tea-time. Then locking the door, I took this diary of a woman's hopes and fears, and with a feeling almost of veneration, I thought of those leaves whereon lay the working of a human heart—the hidden mysteries of a human life. And opening the book, I read :

" Nov. 1st.—Eighteen to-morrow. Herbert says I am not dignified, because I helped Charlie fasten his windmill to the gate post. He inquired if it was my new bonnet, or the new minister, which made me so anxious to attend church to-morrow. I did not tell him—though both had a share, apart from really wishing to go the day I am eighteen. I am glad it falls upon the holy Sabbath.

" Nov. 2nd.—What a day of excitement it has been! When I arose, the morning was beautiful; the whole air seemed redolent of the sacred Sabbath. I thought to spend the hours quietly, that I might look into my heart, and on this, my eighteenth birthday, root out the evil and uphold the good; but the morning, like the budding promise of womanhood, deceived us. Herbert took me to church with his new colt. The sermon was suited to my wants; it refreshed and strengthened the spirit. Coming home, Herbert was as merry as ever, though I fancied he did not like me to praise so highly the handsome young minister, for he asked me abruptly what I thought of Dr. Grove, whom he presented. And when I replied I scarcely noticed him, he

said I was like the rest, and struck the colt. But just then, we were turning to the house; and the wind striking Charlie's windmill, the noise and whip gave Pedro a start, and he upset us over the gate post. Dear Herbert was taken up much stunned; and for awhile, the death angel hovered over our dwelling. Fortunately Dr. Grove had seen the accident, and came to our assistance. I do not think papa was pleased to have so young a physician; but Herbert is his friend, and will have no other. He remains all night, for fear of fever.

" Nov. 7th.—Herbert is slowly improving; the fever has at last abated, and the immediate danger is past. Dr. Grove scarcely leaves his side, and has almost become one of the family. It is to his exceeding care we owe our brother's life. Mr. Dalton, too, has been very attentive, coming every day to inquire for the sick, and offer assistance. Indeed the whole village seems alive in kindness towards him.

" Dec. 10th.—Now that Herbert is out of danger, I almost dread his gradual recovery; for with his returning strength, we shall see less of the doctor, who is preparing to leave us. I wish Herbert would not tease me so much about Mr. Dalton, especially in Dr. Grove's presence, for he is sure to look so at me, that the crimson blood will mount, regardless of every effort; and Herbert always adds, 'that blush confirms it.' This morning, when he asked me to delay my walk that he might accompany me, Herbert coolly remarked, ' Dalton will be in'; but as I readily acquiesced, he seemed satisfied, and answered, 'then both can be better spared.' We went to the mill race; for once I could be myself in the doctor's presence, and never did I enjoy his company so well. He seemed equally pleased, and we agreed to go to the pond to-morrow. When we reached home, Mr. Dalton stood at the gate, waiting our return. I did not notice, at the time, that the doctor hardly returned his quiet bow. For me life was so bright, that I would have met any living object kindly; and I stood, for a moment, and spoke with him. He gave me a bunch of late chrysanthemum, and I passed into the sick room, still holding them in my hand. Herbert noticed them, for he laughed, exclaiming, 'that it was too bad to go to walk with one gentleman, and wait till I got home for another to give me flowers.' The cloud gathered in the doctor's face; this time I dispelled it. Taking a glass, I placed them in water by the bedside, saying we would all enjoy their beauties. When I looked up, the smile had come back, the shadow flown.

" Dec. 11th.—A rainy day! Nothing but rub-

ber boots and oil suits could venture out. Our walk, of course, was given up. This morning, while in the breakfast-room alone, Dr. Grove entered. He came and stood beside me in the window, both watching the storm without. I said, hardly above my breath—‘Isn’t it too bad?’

“The earth wanted the rain,” he answered.

“But I wanted my walk.” I felt very much like ponting.

“How the sunshine swept over his face!

“Do you really feel disappointed?” he questioned.

“Indeed I do, and this ugly rain has come.”

“In a moment he said, slowly—‘I am glad it rains.’

“O—” I began; but something in his eyes taught mine to fall.

“Then, as steps approached, he added: ‘It tells me you enjoyed our walk yesterday, even though you gained no flowers.’ And he passed from the room.

“Why will Herbert tease any one that is so sensitive?

“Dec. 14th.—What has come over Herbert? To-day he taxed me with flirting—and flirting, too, with the Rev. Mark Dalton! When I asked if the cloth was exempt from such follies, he said he didn’t care, but ‘it troubled Frank.’ Troubled Frank Grove! It is good to me if any art of mine is remembered by him.

“Dec. 15th.—Herbert is certainly turning to an old maid. Mr. Dalton brought me a long wished-for poem this morning, and because I told him how much I thanked him, Herbert has taken me to task for it.

“You expressed more than you felt, because Frank was here,” he said.

“Very true,” I replied.

“O, Mattie”—these are his very words—“why will you do so? Frank is so sensitive, he will never declare his love while you are so perverse.”

“I laughed. ‘If he don’t dare to face the laydie faire, he has an able advocate. Do tell me, Herbert—is the doctor really interested?’

“Here mama came in. I imagine she saved me a lecture. That boy, I really believed, thought I would at once make an acknowledgment, and forever give up all gentlemen’s attention; at least, he looked so. I could never bear his teasing, were he to know the truth.

“Dec. 18th.—To-night we are to have a grand sleighride. Well for me I have a slight cold, so that I could consistently refuse Mr. Dalton’s invitation. As to Herbert’s opinion of Dr. Grove’s admirations, it surely is false; for, according to all stories, he being the starter of the

enterprise, should at least ask if I were going. But we have neither exchanged a word on the subject, nor has Herbert mentioned it. My mind is well exercised as to whom is the favored lady. After tea, I took my netting up stairs, and released mama from her attendance upon Herbert. He seemed surprised, when I told him I should remain at home; but a peculiar smile rested within his eyes. That look I understood a half hour later, when the opening door admitted Dr. Grove. He seemed astonished at my presence, while Herbert’s curiosity gained complete victory, and he would know wly we both were at home.

“Never mind me,” the doctor answered; ‘all could not leave you. But I can’t account for Miss Mattie, unless Mr. Dalton forgot to prepare his next sermon, or is unexpectedly called to some wedding.’

“But I answered, gaily: ‘It’s more probable he enjoys a sleighride to-night.’

“After a moment of thought, Dr. Grove said to me:

“I understood you were to go with Dalton. Indeed, he told me he had invited you.”

“Very quietly I answered:

“He had not probably received my answer, when he told you.”

“But it was a good evening, withal, and we enjoyed it.

“Dec. 19th.—Herbert teased me not a little, to-day, for remaining at home last night. He said the doctor staid, because he thought I was to go with another. Very foolish in him, but it turned much to my enjoyment. What spirit possesses me, sometimes, to trouble him? To-day, for instance, when Mr. Dalton called, he alluded to my absence, and was pleased to say I was much missed. I said it was indeed to be regretted, but that I might have added to my cold. Did Frank Grove believe that my real excuse? He appeared to.

“Dec. 23d.—For the past three days, the storm has raged with mad violence. Neighbors are parted by fac simile representations of the Arctic lands. Everything not of reasonable height is lost beneath the soft, still covering. Here, we have spent delightful days. Dr. Grove was never half so entertaining as now. I should be less a woman did I not know, though no word has confirmed it, that the love of his heart is mine. Those charming little attentions he pays me are certainly calculated to make one self-satisfied. Papa and mama exchange knowing glances I don’t much like.

“Dec. 24.—Herbert is down in the sitting-room. Dr. Grove expects, every mail, to be

summoned to join his sister's wedding-party, with which he travels south. Yesterday, when he left, he asked if I were engaged this afternoon at four; I was not, and he said he could not call again till then, and he hoped much I would be at home. This morning, Sue sent me a note; she was going with Annie and Mr. Dul-tton to visit old Miss Marrows. Would I take the extra seat? we should be home by two. This is our annual Christmas visit; still, but for the look in Herbert's eyes, I would not have gone. It was past the appointed hour, when we started. Herbert persisted that I ought not to go; but they promised to be back, and I would not give in. The road proved bad. There was more than we expected, to be done for the poor soul. Hours slipped, and when we re-entered, the broad street lamps brightly burning shone from the tall posts, and the clock struck six, as I hung my blanket shawl on the hat-rack. Herbert looked grave when he saw me; but it was mama who told me Dr. Grove had been punctual—that he seemed disappointed at my absence—and had called twice at the door, anxious for my return.

“Dec. 25th.—Christmas, with its green garlands and happy faces, is with us. To me, it comes with no merriment. This morning, mama brought me a package; I knew the writing, and opened it in my own room. It proved to be a book, and on the fly-leaf was written—‘A merry Christmas and a kind farewell to Miss Mattie. F. G.’ Then I knew he had left us. I turned the leaves, but the letters mingled, and I read no word. A note slipped from between its pages, and there I read of the heart I had lost—no, thrown away. And now he had left us, never to return. Called to take the night train, while I, with merry mingling of bells, had entered the village, he, with a sad heart and the shriek of whistle, had passed out. One sentence I did not like. He writes: ‘I shall have no correspondent in the village, for I could not bear to hear your name connected with another; yet I will wish you all happiness.’ He is a good friend, and a worthy man. And he adds: ‘Our life walk will unite no more on earth. May I only so live, that in heaven I may meet you!’ These words shall be my pole-star; there, where no suffering comes, we will not be parted. On Christmas eve will I search my heart, to bind the good in sheaves and cast out the chaff. May I be able to say, each year, ‘this has been better than the last.’ Afterwards, I went down to Herbert, and placed the letter in his hand. When he had read it, he drew me to him.

“‘My poor Mattie,’ he said, ‘we must try and forget him.’

“‘No,’ I answered, ‘rather let his name be sacred between us.’”

It was growing dark, and I turned the leaves to close the journal, when my glance rested upon the darker ink of that day. These sentences seemed to rise up and meet my eye:

“Nine years ago to-morrow, my trial came to me. Dear Hattie trembles upon the brink whereon I slipped. May she be spared the sorrow that has chastened and humbled this heart! May her life be one of greater happiness and beauty!”

I laid the volume as I had found it; but within my heart dwelt a clearer knowledge of life's duties, and of woman's mission. I trembled at the sameness of our destiny, and determining that the gay party should go without my presence, I descended to the parlor.

As I carelessly swung backward and forward, in the comfortable rocking-chair, waiting Aunt Martha's return home, Cousin Kate entered. As we exchanged greetings, I saw that she was troubled, and asked what it was that annoyed her.

“Not much,” she answered. “I've brought home that nubia you sent me for to-morrow.”

“But you'll need it, if it's like to-day?”

But she shook her head.

“I'm not going.”

All summer, Kate had been confined to the bedside of an invalid mother, deprived for the season of all our amusements, and the party was entirely on her account; and so I told her.

“Don't, Hattie!” she said; and the tears filled her eyes. “I know it all, and I want to go so much! But there's no one to stay with mother.”

“Where's Susan?”

“Her brother is to be married. No, I can't go!”

“Yes you can.” Glad was I of any excuse for remaining at home, and here offered a golden opportunity for doing good. “I'm not going,” I answered her look of wonder. “Tell Wilson to call for me, as the party passes, and he can bring me back in the same way.”

“But Hattie—”

“No bats—run home and get ready!”

I pushed her toward the door; but not before I saw another tear-drop glisten on her cheek, this time for gladness.

The next day was what such days should be—the crowning efforts of a dying year. I had not told Aunt Martha my intentions; but as I saw her anxious look, I answered it.

"No, I'm not going. I sit with aunt, that Kate may go."

She nodded her approval, and I knew she was contented. The hours, like all hours, whether laden with pleasure or pain, passed evenly onward, and evening greeted us. I was all ready, when Wilson called. Aunt Martha kissed me, as she clasped my furs, and murmured:

"You are right now, my child." Ah, little did we imagine how a jealous love could pervert the act.

"Not ready yet!" That was my exclamation, as I entered aunt's chamber, for Kate stood by the grate as quiet as though sleighrides were tabooed. "Hurry, child! where are your things? Here, take my cloak! it was made for such occasions." And I threw the warm plaid over her shoulders.

As I drew her hook and eyes together under her rosy chin, she said:

"It isn't right leaving you here."

"Yes it is; it's always a privilege to stay with aunt. So hurry off, and give us a long evening!"

When the stillness of the night air brought to us the last cadence of the chiming bells, I told aunt how it came that I wished to remain, and of reading the journal.

"Martha has been true to her first love," she answered; "and Christmas eve is devoted to his memory and the reviewal of her heart's progress in its predestined work of good. By much suffering, has she been purified; meekly she accepted her cross, and great must be her reward."

Then we talked of other matters, and the evening gliding unconsciously away, brought the return of the party. A merry word here and there to the occupants of the sleighs, and again seated by my gallant conductor, we sped onward towards home. With much ado over the shortness of our ride, he assisted me to alight; and with merry adieu, we parted. As I turned to answer with saucy retort the worded bonbon he had thrown me, I saw the dark outline of a man beneath the opposite trees. The shadow upon the snow seemed the figure of the doctor. Was I right?

Two miles from Wellfleet, was the railroad station; and here, on Christmas eve, alighted weary travellers homeward bound. Sleighs stood in readiness for passengers, and many a Jehu cracked his long whip, in expectation of the Christmas fee. As two gentlemen stepped upon the platform, the slight form of a lad attracted their attention, while the younger of the two addressed him.

"Ah, James! I hardly expected you."

"I've been to the train, sir, every night since you left."

"Glad to see me, then? That's right. Get the trunks, now, while we stow-away."

A moment more, and they were gliding over the icy road, leaving far behind the lights of Wheatley station. Near to the town, the passing current brought to their ears the dashing sound of bells; and carefully James turned aside his horses, cutting new tracks on the pathless snow, and waited their approach. Gaily the party came on, and as they passed, kindly salutations greeted the occupants of the doctor's sleigh. With a smile to all, he returned their cordial welcome; save once, when, for a moment, he thought he recognized the hood and cloak of Hattie Morris. But as quickly came the remembrance how like one to another all ladies' apparel seemed, and the momentary pain vanished.

"Hurry home, James! I'll overtake them yet." And soon the noble steed stood quietly at the hotel steps. Here, turning to his silent companion, he asked—"When shall you call?"

"Not to-night; leave me alone, and to-morrow, God willing, we will go together."

Ushering him into his own quiet parlor, with a "good night," Dr. Hope left him; and bounding down the long stairs, once more drew the buffalo robes around him. Taking the reins in his own hands, he passed to another street. As he drew his horse's prancing step into a moment's quiet gait, before a plain stone building, a companion hailed him.

"Too late, doctor."

"Why?"

"They were off half an hour ago."

"I could overtake them, if an hour ahead."

"I know your Hero can't be beat, but where's your lady?" He saw the doctor's glance, as it rested upon the windows opposite, and he answered it. "Hattie Morris went with the rest."

The doctor started; he remembered the hood and cloak.

"You didn't suppose she was going to lose the ride on your account? Come take me in! I'm the one left."

"No!" answered the young man. "I sha'n't go; but you are welcome to the sleigh." And handing him the reins, he stepped upon the pavement.

With a "much obliged, you'd better go," the other drove off; while the doctor, torn with jealousy, determined to watch the return, and with his own eyes verify the report. Hours—long, dreary hours to him—had passed, when the

mingling of merry laughter and merrier bells proclaimed their approach. All but one swept past the stone house. Well he knew the girlish form that bounded so lightly to the door, and in her own clear, ringing tones, he heard her answer to the remark of her companion.

"You are much mistaken; I never enjoyed an evening better."

"Not one regret for me," he thought. "Well, it is better to find it out so, than to have been refused to-morrow." And the doctor passed homeward, in vain trying to rub out from his heart's tablet the face and form so long engraven there.

It was nearly eleven, and on Christmas morning, that Aunt Martha and I, as we talked cosily in the parlor, were somewhat startled by the announcement of two gentlemen callers. One was the doctor, the other a fine-looking man of thirty-seven. My aunt must have seen differently, for she turned deathly pale, and sank back in her chair. Only this I saw, for obeying the doctor's motion, I followed him to the study. Then I asked—"Who is he?"

"My uncle, Frank Grove; who apparently procured me an office in Wheatley, that I might practice medicine, but in reality to find if Martha Morris had ever married."

With the name, a rush of memory swept my heart, and I knew this to be her reward; that henceforth her trials were ended. For himself, Dr. Hope was on his dignity; nor once did he unbend all that evening. He asked how I enjoyed my ride, and I answered, "greatly."

"I saw you when you alighted," he said.

"Ah, then that was you opposite! When did you come?"

"In the last train. I could have gone to the sleighing!" How coldly, and with what an accent this was said!

"Did you call?" I asked.

"No. I knew you had gone."

After this, we talked in monosyllables until summoned to the parlor, where I was presented to Dr. Grove. It was a merry Christmas dinner we enjoyed that day, for, in spite of Dr. Hope's grave face, I could not but sympathize in the calm, deep happiness of the elder members of our party.

As we sat together, the next evening, Dr. Grove called me to him.

"Hattie," he said, for already we had become fast friends, "we want a wedding at New Year's. Can you get Aunt Martha ready?"

"Yes, indeed I can."

"That is right," he continued. "Martha and I have lost some of our best years by foolishness,

just as I am afraid that nephew of mine is doing now. If you can help him out of those blues, do."

"Shall I?" I said, roguishly; for very well I knew what the doctor believed.

"Yes, go."

So half in fun, half in earnest, I advanced; and holding out my hand, said demurely:

"Dr. Hope, I didn't go to that ride on Christmas eve."

He took my hand; I think he would have said I saw you, but I added:

"I sat with aunt, that Kate might go, but returned home with the party."

He looked pleased. Then said slowly:

"But the hood and cloak?"

Half provoked, I ran back to Dr. Grove.

"See!" I said; "I've done my best, and yet he questions me."

Later in the evening, as I passed the doctor's chair, I bent down and whispered—"Kate wore them!"

How those words lifted the dark clouds, and sent the sunlight of love flooding his whole heart, I knew afterwards, when, standing together in the library window, we talked of a double wedding at New Year's that should have for its grooms two doctors.

#### WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT.

On Thursday, the fifteenth of June, two days before the battle of Bunker's Hill, George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of "all the continental forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty." The appointment was officially announced to him on the following day, and modestly accepted; and on the eighteenth he wrote a touching letter to his wife on the subject, telling her he must depart immediately for the camp; begging her to summon all her fortitude, and to pass her time as agreeably as possible; and expressing a firm reliance upon that Providence which had ever been bountiful to him, not doubting that he should return safe to her in the fall. But he did not so return. Darker and darker grew the clouds of war; and, during more than seven years, Washington visited his pleasant home upon the Potowmac but once, and then only for three days and nights. Mrs. Washington spent the winter in camp with her husband; and many are the traditions concerning her beauty, gentleness, simplicity, and industry, which yet linger around the winter quarters of the venerated commander-in-chief of the armies of the Revolution. For many long years she was remembered with affection by the dwellers at Cambridge, Morristown, Valley Forge, Newburgh, and New Windsor.—*Mount Vernon and its Associations.*

#### SPEECH.

Speech is the morning to the mind;  
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,  
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.—OTWAY.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DESIRE.

BY EDGAR S. LORING.

Blest Spirit of our Lord, come down,  
And dwell within my troubled heart;  
Drive hence the chilling earthly frown,  
Perfect in grace the heavenly crown,  
And gems of Jesus' love impart!

Long have I sought to look through thee  
Upon my Master's glorious face;  
To live by faith, and joyous see  
The path to blest eternity,  
As gained by his unbounded grace.

O Spirit, cast thy glowing rays  
Unto my lingering, longing soul:  
End sweetly now the darksome days;  
Tell to the heart its Saviour's ways,  
And how to reach the heavenly goal!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MANIAC SKATER:

— OR,—

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

AND as we all brought our chairs closer to the fire, my grandmother said :

" Well, girls, you cannot expect from me any romantic story, such as Mary gave us last night; but what is better, I shall give you a history which shall be terrible enough, and only too true —too true," she added, as though looking back, back through the long years.

" When I was a young girl I lived in Milford, beautiful Milford, with its straight streets and pretty cottages, and gardens in front, and the tall elms in regular rows on both sides of Main Street. Our house stood back a greater distance from the street than most of the dwellings, and the garden was my particular delight. The paths were regular, rather too prim perhaps to be graceful, but the box was always neatly trimmed, and I fancy a Quaker could not have arranged with more orderly neatness the various pots on the different stands scattered around.

" One evening, as I was watering as usual my favorite pots containing geranium and heliotrope, I was startled by the voice of a stranger at my side :

" ' Miss, is this the residence of Roger Brooks ? ' he asked.

" I looked up in surprise, and beheld a short, graceful looking young man, who had just alighted from the stage at the door, and found that the driver was quickly unloading a large trunk and

some boxes, and I knew in an instant that he was a visitor my father had long been expecting, so I replied :

" ' He does, sir, live here. You are Mr. Stewart, I suppose, whom he is expecting—walk in, sir.'

" Morris Stewart was the son of my father's oldest friend, who had now come to Milford to complete his law studies, and had written to my father several weeks before to request him to recommend him to a boarding-house, so that he could at once settle when he arrived. By return of mail an answer was sent back by my father, ' that the son of William Stewart should find a welcome and a home from Roger Brooks as long as he liked to avail himself of them.' Thus did Morris Stewart become an inmate of Roseleaf, as we called our home. Dear Roseleaf!" And grandmother sighed.

" Ours was quite a monotonous life before the advent of Morris Stewart, but from the instant he became an inmate of our house, it was as if some cheery music had suddenly been introduced into every room, and struck up new chords and exquisite harmonies with the sound of his ringing laugh and sweet voice. He was not what people would call handsome, but his was one of those generous, open faces, with bright, beaming eyes, and mouth with a woman's sweetness lingering in the smile, that captivates and makes one trust the owner ere he speaks; and he had not long been an inmate of Roseleaf, ere I learned to watch his coming and going, his words and looks, as if my life depended on his actions. You smile, girls, and think I loved him. Yes, I did—with all the truth and warmth of a woman's first affection, ere I acknowledged the fact to my own inquiring heart.

" Two months of perfect happiness, which fled by on wings of love, two months of sweet delirium, ere the rosy air was charged with the heavy breath of sorrow. He said he loved me, and so he did, I know, and those words contained all of happiness to me. But my beautiful cousin Amy Howard came, and as her slight figure, with all its willowy grace, moved beside mine, and her floss-golden curls shaded a face of perfect classic beauty, and her eyes of deep blue glimmered out from beneath the long brown lashes, and her merry laugh, so full of music, rippled forth from her beautiful mouth, I watched him whilst the spell was upon him, and I saw her stealing his heart from me, and I knew in my soul he was mine no more, for she was binding a chain round his heart, each link was formed of flowers, and she drew him slowly but surely from his allegiance to me. He might have broken the bonds, but the witchery of her many

- charms soon taught him the effort to do so would be fruitless.

" I have often tried to think, my children, that Amy Howard was not aware of my love for Morris, or that I was too cold, and did not make him feel how much he was to me, but after weighing all her actions I have rejected all these conclusions, and believe her heart was bent on conquest, and she cared not how mine was wrung so her vanity was satisfied.

" The full weight of misery was thrust upon me one night, when I caught a few words of theirs, as they sat in the embrasure of a deep window, the moon shedding her silver light full upon them, as its slant beams struggled through the leaves and branches which almost covered the porch in whose kind shadow I was sitting, Morris Stewart said :

" I thought I loved her, Amy, but O, how was I undeceived when I contrasted my calm affection for Margaret with the flood of passion which bathed my soul in joy, when I first learned that I was not indifferent to you."

" Dear Morris," was the soft reply. And then the sound of kisses reached me.

" I was maddened then, and had my life depended on it, I could have remained no longer. I strode right into the window where they were sitting, with the light of misery and scorn burning in my eyes, my heart thumping against my bosom, like the huge muffled clapper of a large bell beating against its sides. They rose up in confused haste, muttered something in an embarrassed tone, but I passed on without a word to my chamber. That night of agony, girls, of over sixty years ago—that night of accusations, lamentations and prayer—my sweetest joy and only dream stolen from me, leaving not even hope behind—those hours of sorrow, which continued till nature was almost exhausted, and I sank gasping, fainting upon the floor. When I arose, I felt hard and cold, as though I could take pleasure in some monstrous cruelty. God help me! I was wicked, unforgiving then.—Yes, over sixty years ago, and this grief comes back to me now with a fresh force." And grandmother rocked to and fro in her high-backed chair, painful reflection giving an emphasis to her words, which was far from usual with her.

" Poor grandmother!" we murmured, but our young minds could hardly grasp the story of that love over sixty years ago. Alas! perhaps we shall some day.

" Well, two months ran on, and Amy Howard and Morris Stewart felt the disagreeableness of their position in our house. I know Morris could not help feeling that he had acted in a way

to earn the contempt and scorn of one so high-spirited as myself, but the enchantress, Amy, in her caresses, soon made him forget his annoyance. It was decided that on the following Monday, Morris was to leave our house for New York, whether he was to escort Amy home. And when my father, in his warm, blustering manner, said :

" Well, well, Morris, boy, I am sorry you are going. You've been a light and joy in the house since you came, and I know Maggie here will miss you. But we can't expect to keep the eagle here, where he can soar no higher than the crow's nest's, he must find his eyrie, eh? Well, well."

" But Morris Stewart was overwhelmed by his baseness on such occasions as these. He would blush and stammer, look at me desperately, only to find my quiet eyes animated with the light of cold contempt, and finally leave the room precipitately.

" It was on the Saturday previous to the Monday on which Amy and Morris were to depart from Roseleaf. We had experienced for about a fortnight previous very cold weather, and Bush Lake was frozen over, and large parties had been skating there daily. It was proposed by my father that we should all go out upon the lake and view the skaters, and observe the skill of Stewart, who was reputed to be the finest skater in the neighborhood. So on Saturday morning I bundled up in my large cloak, and took my father's arm in the hall, whilst Amy and Morris walked on before. A deep snow had fallen a few nights before, but the walking down the main street of Milford was quite good. On we trudged to the huge covered wooden bridge at the end of the town (that is a picture of Milford Bridge, girls, up stairs over my mantelpiece), and then walked down the banks on to the ice.

" The morning was quite cold, but there was no wind, and the sun shining warmly gave an air of cheerfulness to everything. When we got upon the lake it was a beautiful sight, and I will try to describe it to you in my poor way. Stretched out before us was Bush Lake, nearly a mile wide at a point above the bridge, its surface frozen almost without a ripple. From the shores which environed it, the high banks arose, with the tall trees skirting the edges, festooned with the pure drapery of ice and snow, each branch with its row of icicles, each leaf with its falling spray of snow, whilst the trunks were coated with the protecting ice which glistened as the morning's sun flashed upon them. The high, uneven banks covered by the white glazed surface, with the straggling roots interlacing each other, twining, twisting in and out like massive

ropes of ice, now embracing a tiny fallen cedar, now locking in their icy embrace a huge chestnut which had tumbled with the bank years before—the bark all off, its jagged branches reaching out like arms, as though imploring a rescue from the cold embrace of the ice-coated roots. Then across the water, the pillars which fronted the State Lunatic Asylum loomed up grandly on the banks, with its splendid façades, and Corinthian arches whose architectural beauty was the wonder and delight of all visitors. Opposite, the village with its regular streets, neat cottages, and church spires glistening in the sun, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells heard every few moments, as the wind bore the sounds to the hundreds upon the ice.

"Amy Howard stood by my side. She was watching with pride the graceful evolutions of her lover, and he had not long been upon the ice before all eyes were attracted towards him, for his superiority was manifest. Up and down, with the ease and grace with which such a man as he always invests the slightest action—backwards and forwards, flying like the wind, then suddenly wheeling, whirling right and left at strange angles, or in peculiar circles. The sleds were stopped when he first began to skate, and the ladies stood up in them to watch the motions; then, gradually a large circle was formed around him, and whilst eclipsing all his competitors, at each new fantastic action a shout of applause would spring up from the growing crowd. And his eyes sparkled, his cheeks were as rosy as the first blush of dawning day, and at each shout of admiration which he inspired, I saw Amy smile, and as he passed by where we stood, he waved his hand, and in an instant was gone; but when he came near me, I seemed to be blinded, the great lumps would rise in my throat as if to choke me, my temples throbbed, and the cords would swell and beat as though instinct with a hundred bitter lives, and each life a serpent to hiss into my ears, and sting into my brain, 'False! false!' And gazing still at Amy, I began to hate her, and curse her in my heart for all the ruin of its hopes. But while my thoughts were in the greatest whirl of agony, a voice spoke to a stranger at my side—a man's voice, yet soft and sweet as a melancholy sigh, first trembling into music. That voice seemed to startle me with its unearthly sweetness. I looked around at his words:

"Sir, will you please favor me with your skates for a few moments?"

"Certainly, sir," said the courteous lender.

"Thank you, thank you!" were his only words, but they seemed in the earnestness with

which they were uttered, like the thanks of a man who had just received the dearest boon.

"I gazed in wonder upon this man, and felt as though there was something terrible about his musical voice, and brilliant, glittering eye, something wild and unearthly in his actions. He fastened on the skates, and when he stood upon them and made for the circle upon which Morris Stewart was skating, he sent up such a shout; it seemed full of exultation; it was full of melody, but such music as would woo to death. I shuddered as I heard it.

"Now alongside of Morris Stewart he stood in the midst of that circle, and I had an opportunity to examine him. His appearance was startling. He was a man of medium height, slenderly built, with a sort of serpent's elasticity in his winding motions. His face was cadaverous and pale, but lit up with a pair of dark, sparkling, defying eyes, which seemed to flash out an unearthly light. His hair was as black as midnight, long and straight, and hanging in coarse, unkempt profusion over his shoulders. Not a sign of a collar or handkerchief was visible about the neck, but the single-breasted coat he wore was buttoned closely up to the chin. The moment he joined Stewart, eager voices inquired:

"Who is the stranger?" "Who is the rival of Stewart for the honors?" While not a few remarked, 'He looks as though he might be the devil,' but none offered a solution of his identity.

"And now the two skaters commenced to glide over the ice, and the crisp rumble, rumble was heard, as their sharp skates cut tiny channels over its glassy surface. But no sooner had a few circuits been made around that circle, than the assembled hundreds in the crowd were aware that the mysterious skater was as superior in the art to Morris Stewart, as the latter was to the common bystanders. His form swayed to and fro like the graceful motions of tiny waves in the summer, on this very lake; he seemed scarcely to touch the ice, he never looked where he was going, but whirled stars and names and flowers in the ice with his dexterous blades, more quickly than they could have been stamped in hot wax. He would jump high into the air, alight, and in an instant be spinning like a wheel—in another, dart off like an arrow from the bow, and before the eyes could take in his position, be back again, carving the ice, and performing fantastic and wonderful gyrations. Shout after shout was given by the delighted people; but I looked on in mute surprise, and felt a sort of despairing dread, as if I were gazing at some festive scene, the end of which would be a tragedy.

"Gradually this strange being rushed towards

the crowd, widening and enlarging it and at last opening avenues through it right and left. He seemed to be in the wildest excitement, his long hair flying, his angular body swaying, waving, stooping, his limbs crossed, straight or curved, and his wild laugh echoing amongst the hills. But now a stranger scene was about to dawn. This man seemed to be environed by about half a dozen men who scattered themselves around him at different distances. This I did not notice until Morris Stewart had come to the shore and was removing his skates, when an elderly gentleman addressed him :

" 'Mr. Stewart, we will have to be very cautious ; that man yonder, is an escaped lunatic from our asylum over the river. He came out of the gate this morning hanging to the springs of a carriage. I wish to ask of you a favor. Keep your skates on, and try to approach him so as to secure him ; my men will all then come to your assistance.'

" There had been a few listeners to this disclosure beside ourselves, and when Morris started off again, there was a thrilling whisper through the crowd : ' A maniac ! A maniac skater !'

" Morris Stewart was quickly by his side, and laid out his hand to grasp the maniac's shoulder, when the other turned as quickly as lightning and eluded him. Now it seemed to dawn upon the mind of the lunatic that he was pursued, and you are aware how preternaturally acute all their faculties seem to become under such circumstances. So it was now a race indeed—up and down, turning back and front with the agility of rope-dancers, over towards the ' Whirlpool ' they both skated. This place was never known to be frozen solid on account, as it was supposed, of numberless springs which bubbled up from this one spot, and the great yawning hole was open, and the piles of cracked ice were thrown up all around it to the height of about two feet, layer upon layer. As Morris Stewart approached the dangerous hole, he veered suddenly, but the maniac skater, with a loud, discordant laugh, went up to its very edge, and the ice cracking, smashing, like weights falling into and crushing glass, seemed to make merry music for him. Then, as the crowd murmured their horror, out from the spot he darted again, with Stewart in full pursuit.

" Now that the lunatic seemed aware that all the efforts were concentrated upon his capture, his excitement seemed to become more intense, and his energies increased with his peril in and out among the crowd, who involuntarily shrank from his touch. As he passed by Amy and myself in his mad career, he shouted defiantly in our

faces, ' Ha, ha ! Ho, ho ! ' and the hills seemed in mockery to shriek, ' Ha, ha ! Ho, ho ! ' But Stewart was now almost upon him ; he had grasped his arm, but he writhed from him again. Then the fearful race continued on, on towards the Whirlpool once more. Its edge was almost gained. Morris Stewart made one fierce effort, and caught the maniac around the body, but instead of giving up to his captor, he turned quickly and grasped Morris in return, while his eyes glared into his, and his hot breath blew upon his face, as if almost scorching it with his horrid maniac laugh, ' Ho, ho ! Ha, ha ! ' It was now a desperate struggle. Morris felt that the maniac was possessed of giant's strength, and was dragging him slowly but surely to the yawning pool. He struggled, resisted with all his power, but at last sent up a fearful cry, ' Help ! help ! '

" The asylum keepers were hastening to his assistance — the crowd seemed paralyzed, appalled, save a few stragglers who were hastening towards them. As for me, I stood with eyes distended, watching the dreadful scene, and my heart seemed to stand still. I could scarcely realize the horror of their positions, but I could hardly restrain the cry which was bursting from my lips as I saw his danger—' Morris, dear Morris—O God, help him ! '

" They were now upon the very edge, down, wrestling upon their knees, then up again, then with backs curved and breasts out till they almost fell backwards. Panting, tugging for life was Morris Stewart in those moments when assistance seemed to be so tardy. Now I heard the ice around the edges breaking, like a hammer splintering glass ; but the maniac was ruthless, his strength was superhuman, and whilst his keepers were rushing towards Stewart's rescue, not ten feet from him, the maniac dragged him to the edge—one gasp, one desperate effort for life, and with a feeble cry from the one and an awful laugh from the other, over into the Whirlpool both went.

" There were many efforts to save the doomed. But I only saw in the splashing water the uplifted arms of my former lover, and heard his last despairing cry, ere he sunk from sight, and beside him, the pale face and burning eyes and elf locks of the drowning maniac, who shouted gleefully, though but a second's time was his of life. That instant I staggered back blind with agony, when I heard a low wail at my side. But there was deep misery in that cry. I almost laughed then at the baby Amy's frenzy, and thought of my great load of woe. But she uttered one feeble cry which caught my ears :

" ' My husband ! my husband ! ' And Amy Howard sank to the ground in a swoon."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAIDEN BY THE SEA.

BY LILLIE MORSE.

In a little cottage, by the heaving sea,  
There a fairy maiden is watching now for me;  
We parted in the springtime,  
When roses were in blush,  
And waves, they sang an ancient rhyme,  
In twilight's holy hush.  
  
Mid her raven tresses the winds they sang in glee,  
While she gently whispered, "O, love, remember me!"  
The tears were wildly streaming  
From out her midnight eyes,  
And her coral lips were gleaming,  
And fragrant with her sighs.

Many times I kissed her upon the rosy cheek,  
The tears were hotly gushing whence'er I tried to speak;  
And when at last we parted,  
We whispered ne'er a word:  
Afresh her sobs started,  
And her heart-beats loud were heard.

In my dreams I see her beneath the flowering tree,  
With starry eyes outlooking upon the foaming sea:  
While flowered that she crushes  
Beneath her tiny feet,  
Look envious at her blushes,  
So fair she is and sweet.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CLOTHES-HORSE:

—OR,—

## LADY ROSAMOND'S REFUGE.

BY EVA MILFORD.

I AM an old lady now, but I remember as if it were yesterday, the times when I, a little girl in pinafore and sash, sat upon my old nurse's knee, and begged for stories. Old Rachel possessed a great fund of these, and never failed to interest me—indeed so much so, that I often prefer even now to remember one of these old tales to reading a new one.

"Now, nursey," said I, climbing into her lap one winter twilight, as she sat knitting before the fire, "now, nursey, for a story, a real nice story, about something you did yourself once."

"About myself, darling? Sure I've told you all there ever was to tell about old nursey, haven't I? Yet stop, I believe I never told you about Lady Rosamond and the clothes-horse, did I?"

"O that sounds splendid! Tell quick, do, dear nursey."

"Well, dear, when I was a little girl like you, I lived in London (where I was born) alone with

my dear mother. We were very poor, I remember well. Sometimes we had not even enough to eat, but we were very happy for all that, because we loved each other so dearly. My mother used to do whatever work she could get to do, either at home or abroad, and when she went out, she always took me with her. I liked those days best, because the people where we went generally gave us enough to eat, and sometimes would put a bit of cake or a penny into my hand when I went home. I was such a little wee thing, I suppose they pitied me.

"Well, one night—it was in the autumn, and there was a miserable chilly fog in the air I remember, just as mother and I were going to bed, there came a little low knock on the door of our room. Mother went close up, and said low:

"Who's there?"

"A woman's voice answered softly, 'It is I, Clara.'

"Then mother opened the door quick enough, and the woman, all muffled up in a cloak and hood, came in, and she and mother kissed each other over and over. Then they began to talk very fast and low, so that I could hear nothing, except once in a while the stranger would say 'my lady' a little plainer than the rest of her talk, and mother cried a good deal. At last, the woman, who had sat down, got up to go away, and mother, opening the door, said:

"To-morrow night, then?"

"Yes; I will come for you. Good night."

"O, stop a minute. I must bring Rachel."

"Rachel! Who's that?"

"My child," said mother, pointing to the bed, where I lay awake watching them.

"But can you trust her? You know"—and here the woman began to whisper so low that I could not hear a word.

"Mother nodded when she had done, and said, softly, but aloud :

"I know—I know, but Rachel never sees any one to speak to except when I'm about, and besides she has sense beyond her years, and we can trust her."

"The woman seemed satisfied, and after a little more whispering, they said good night.

"When mother came to bed, I put my arms round her in a coaxing sort of way (something as you do by me, Miss Nelly, when you want a story), and I said :

"Now, mother, tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," said mother, kind of short, 'except that a lady I used to live with before I was married, has just come home from abroad, and wants me to come and wash for her to-morrow night.'

"What, in the night! That's funny!"

"Well, child, I know it is, but you see, for reasons she has, she don't want to have a soul know that she's at home, and so don't have any fire in the daytime, lest folks should see the smoke. But now, Rachel, mind what I am going to say to you. This lady, as I said, has very particular reasons for not letting it be known that she is at home, and only let me know because she was sure I could be trusted. Now, child, promise me (and don't forget it) never to mention to any person at all, either that Miss Clara came here to-night, or that we are going to my lady's, or anything you may see or hear there."

"No, mother, I won't," said I, "but just tell me what the lady's name is, and who is Miss Clara?"

"Her name is Lady Rosamond—no matter for the last name, and Miss Clara is her dressing-maid, and the only servant she brought with her from abroad. That's the reason they want me to wash. Now, child, go to sleep."

"I shut my eyes and pretty soon slept. But all night long I was dreaming strange dreams of Lady Rosamond and Miss Clara, her bower woman.

"The next evening at about the same hour, there came a tap at our door, and mother opening it a little way, said :

"Is it you, Clara?"

"Yes—are you ready?"

"All ready," said my mother, taking her little bundle and leading me by the hand.

"As soon as we were outside, and mother had locked her door, Miss Clara set off at a great pace, we following on behind. We went through a great many streets, and at last turned down a dark and narrow lane leading to the river (the Thames, you know, Miss Nelly.) About half-way down, Clara, who was still in front, stopped, and unlocking a gate, let us in to a great garden, stretching from the river to the back of a large house which loomed up dimly in the starlight. There were no lights or signs of life to be seen as we approached the house, and mother said, softly : 'Sure, they don't sit in the front rooms.'

"No, in the little study at the back. But before I light the lamps, I draw the curtains close, and the shutters are never opened. All the light they get in the daytime, is through the little round holes at the top."

"While Miss Clara was speaking she had unlocked a door at one corner; and now we went in, groping our way along a dark, narrow entry, till we got into a room at the end of it. Then Clara said : 'Stand still till I get a light.'

"So she felt about till she got hold of the tin-

der-box, and struck the flint and steel together till she got a spark by which she lighted some candles that stood ready. Then I looked round and saw that we were in a smallish room, fitted up for a laundry, with a great copper kettle, and a pot for burning charcoal, to heat the irons over, and some heavy oaken frames standing out from the wall to hang the clothes on when they were done—very much like our clothes-horses, only heavier and fastened to the wall. There was a great pile of soiled linen ready, and as soon as the fire was kindled my mother began to wash, and Miss Clara went up stairs to undress her lady, she said, and we saw no more of her that night. In one corner of the room was a bed spread upon the floor, and after a while I lay down and went to sleep on it, nor did I waken till my mother called me a little before sunrise, and said it was time for us to go home. We went again the next night and the next. Miss Clara had given mother the key of the garden gate the first time, and we always found her waiting to let us in at the laundry door.

"The third night my mother was ironing, and had nearly finished. I did not feel sleepy, but stood beside her table watching and admiring both her skill, and the beautiful clothes upon which she was employed. There were a great many fine linen shirts, I remember, all with broad ruffles at the bosom and hands, and all the ruffles trimmed with elegant thread lace. Then there were neck handkerchiefs and pocket handkerchiefs, all fine and delicate as cobwebs and all trimmed with lace. What I particularly admired though, was the exquisite embroidery upon all the garments belonging to my lady. I never have seen anything since to equal it, and I don't believe the queen herself has anything more beautiful. Upon every article, either of my lady's or her husband's, was an embroidered crest and initials, such as I remembered to have seen on the silver plate of a gentleman's house where my mother often worked. And I suppose this was one reason why my mother had been engaged to wash them, instead of their being sent out.

"Well, mother was plaiting some of the last ruffles, and I was beginning to gape, for it was very late, indeed almost morning, when we heard the sound of light footsteps running very fast down stairs, and presently Miss Clara rushed into the room followed by a lady more beautiful and graceful than any I have seen before or since. She was very small and delicate in figure, and did not look to be over twenty years of age, but yet she had an air as grand and noble as a queen. My mother went down on her knees and kissed her hand.

"My good Sarah," said the lady, in a kind, but hurried voice, "how glad I am to see you again (my mother had been under-nursery-maid to Lady Rosamond years before, and had stayed in the family till after my lady was married), but O, Clara, what are we to do?"

"What is it? Clara, what is the matter?" asked my mother, softly, while my lady peeped carefully out between the curtain and the shutter.

"They have found us out," said the maid, in a frightened voice. "The street is full of soldiers, and I brought my lady down thinking to escape through this door to the water, but looking out at the last staircase window, I saw them leaping the garden wall—"

"Yes, and they are coming up towards the house," cried my lady, running from behind the curtain, her face as pale as ashes. "Good heavens, what am I to do? Thank God, Lord George is gone!"

"Will his lordship be out all night, my lady?" asked Clara.

"Yes, and to-morrow night. O what a blessed chance! And he has taken most of the papers with him—all the worst, at any rate. The rest are here, and will not be taken till they are wet with my heart's blood!" said my lady, putting her hand upon her bosom, and looking like an empress.

"But where shall we hide your ladyship? O dear, what will become of us all?" whispered Clara, beginning to cry.

"God only knows! We can die but once," murmured my lady, growing still paler as a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Suddenly, my mother, who had been wringing her hands and looking from one to the other through her tears, cried out:

"I've got it—the clothes-frame!"

"Clothes-frame?" asked Lady Rosamond.

"Pshaw! they'll look behind that the first thing!" exclaimed Clara, partly guessing my mother's meaning.

"Yes, but not on it," said my mother triumphantly, and snatching off the clothes from one of the frames. "Now, my lady," said she, in a great hurry, "if you will step up on this lower bar and hold to the upper one, so, with both hands, I can cover you up so you can never be seen or suspected."

"Do you think so?" asked Lady Rosamond, doubtfully. "Such a ludicrous position, if I am discovered! What say you, Clara, have you anything better to suggest?"

"No, your ladyship," sobbed Clara, glancing wildly at the door, which shook under the heavy blows, which now followed the raps.

"Very well, my good Sarah, you shall try," said my lady, calmly, as she stepped upon the lower bar, and clasped the upper one with her little white hands.

"What a blessed thing that we had such a wash!" said my mother, half-laughing, half-crying, as she began to hang the clothes over Lady Rosamond, whose white dress helped out the plan.

"Run up stairs, Clara, pull the clothes off my bed and hide them," whispered her ladyship, suddenly. "Then you can say we went away yesterday, you don't know where, and they won't wait so long looking."

Clara wiped her eyes and hurried up stairs, while my mother, who had completely covered Lady Rosamond, went on to hang some skirts and dresses each side of her, so that the projection caused by her slight figure was soon entirely concealed. Just as she had put the finishing touch, Miss Clara ran down stairs, and catching my mother and me in her arms, dragged us with her into a corner, and bid us do just as she did. So when in another minute the door was burst open, the men who rushed in found us all sobbing and crying together, as if we were too frightened to speak or move.

The first man, a big, rough fellow in the dress of a soldier, came straight up to us and held his lantern in our faces.

"She aint neither of them, is she, sir?" asked he, of a tall, slender person, who followed close behind him, whose face was covered by a mask.

This person shook his head without speaking, and turned away to follow a party who rushed up stairs, while others went into the cellars and to other parts of the house. The big fellow remained in the laundry with two or three others, peering into the wash-boiler, up the chimney, under the tubs, and everywhere else they could think of. Each one looked at different times behind and among the clothes-frames, and the leader even thrust aside the clothes in two or three places to look among them. As he did so, I plainly distinguished at one spot the folds of Lady Rosamond's white cambric wrapper, but the man apparently saw no difference between that and the other white things hanging there, and let the clothes alone. Just then Clara, wishing perhaps to distract his attention entirely from the dangerous vicinity, and perhaps unable to hold her tongue any longer, called out:

"You haven't looked in there yet, captain!" pointing as she spoke, to a box about a foot square, which hung against the wall, over the boiler, for the purpose of holding soap.

The captain, as she called him, glanced at the box, and then coming up to where we still

crouched, seized Clara by the arm and pulled her up, swearing at the same time a dreadful oath at what he called her impudence.

"And why didn't you open the door, when we knocked, instead of giving us the trouble to batter it down?" asked he, with more oaths than I should dare to repeat.

"It's likely we should open the doors to a great rude party of soldiers, two lone women and a little girl. We were only too glad to keep you out while we could."

"Where's your master and your mistress?" growled the man, eyeing her with great dislike.

"Well, I can't say exactly where, but if they keep on at the rate they set out last night, they must be many a mile away from here."

"Last night! Lord George was seen and recognized entering this very house last night," said the man doubtfully.

"Well, and being conscious of that, don't you think he showed his wisdom in flitting before sunrise?" asked the crafty waiting-woman, immediately. "Not that I mean to say he did either. I was ordered to say nothing at all about him; but I don't think I've given you much clue as yet, have I?" asked she, as if really anxious lest she had betrayed a secret.

The captain looked at her with an expression of great perplexity and dislike, and asked:

"And where are you to meet them with all this gear?" pointing, as he spoke, to the clean clothes.

"I didn't say I was to meet them anywhere, did I?" asked Clara, innocently.

The man turned away and stamped once or twice up and down the room. Clara, without appearing to speak or move, whispered to me quick and fierce:

"Say Highbridge, to-morrow night."

"So when the man came near us again, I said aloud, but in a low voice, as if I thought she had forgotten, and wished to remind her:

"Why, Lady Rosamond told you to meet her at Highbridge to-morrow night, with the clothes."

"Hold your tongue, you little fool!" cried out the maid, pinching my ear, and pretending to be very angry. But the captain heard, and darting forward, seized me by the arm, and called out:

"What's that, sissy? Say it again; she sha'n't hurt you, and I'll give you a silver penny."

"I only said," whimpred I, "that Lady Rosamond bid Clara meet her at Highbridge to-morrow night with the clothes. I didn't know it was any harm to say that."

"No more it wasn't. You're a good little girl, and shall marry a soldier when you grow up," said the horrid man, laughing; and giving

me a penny. "Now tell me, when did they go? In the first place, who went?"

"No one but Lord George and Lady Rosamond, and they went very late last night—it was almost sunrise."

"And what did my lady say about Highbridge?" asked the trooper, standing me between his knees, so that I could not see Clara, who, mother told me, kept making signs, and pretending to be in a great fury.

"Why," said I, gaping and looking very stupid, "she only said, "We are going to Highbridge, and you must follow with the baggage and clothes night after next."

"O, you little viper! O, you horrid child!" shrieked Clara, trying to get hold of me, while mother screamed out:

"O, you miserable child, you've betrayed your master and mistress to their death!" and began to cry and wring her hands. They both made such a fuss and noise that I got frightened, and didn't know at last but they really meant it; and that I had done wrong. So I began to cry in good earnest, and the trooper, pushing me away, called me "a squalling little fool!" Then turning to one of his men, he said, impatiently:

"Go up, and call them all off. Tell the gentleman in the mask, that I have got a clue, and we must be moving."

In a few minutes the whole troop were assembled, and the captain calling me, made me say over all that I had told him (Clara had whispered to me that it was all right), so that the masked man, who seemed the real head of the party, might hear. When I had finished, they whispered together a few moments, and the captain gave me a crown piece (I suppose the other told him to do so), and said to one of his men:

"Gregory, you are to stay here as guard over these women till you are relieved. I suppose there are provisions in the house, eh, you jade?" added he, to Clara.

"Provisions enough," said she, sulkily.

"That's right. And don't you be hard on this little fool (pointing to me), for she's done the king good service to-night."

A few minutes more and the whole troop had clattered out as they clattered in, leaving us alone with the man called Gregory, an old weather-beaten soldier, with a rough, but not a wicked looking face.

Clara waited a few minutes, and then began to sigh and moan and lean back against the wall, as if she felt sick.

"O dear," said she, at last—"O how faint I feel—goodness me, I believe I am dying. How I wish I had a bottle of wine out of the cellar!"

Good Gregory, you won't object to my getting one, I know,' she said, coaxingly.

"No, I don't know as I shall," replied the soldier, gruffly, "not if you get me one at the same time, I sha'n't."

"You shall come with me and get as many as you want," answered Clara, blithely. And taking one of the candles, led the way into the cellar just behind us.

"The best is out this way," we could hear her say. "I always get a bottle of this when I want a drop for myself. Wait a moment though, till I fetch a cup and let you taste the port in this great butt."

Setting down the light, and not giving the soldier time to object, Clara tripped lightly along the brick floor, and as she reached the door, sprang through it, and in another minute had turned the great key and shoved home the monstrous bolt which secured it.

"Quick now, my lady," cried she, breathlessly, pulling aside the clothes and lifting down Lady Rosamond, who, faint and exhausted, could not have clung a moment longer to her singular perch. "Quick, we have another hour before light, thanks to this November fog. The boat is at the foot of the garden. I can row it. We will reach the city in half an hour. You shall hide with Sarah till night again. I will find his lordship, and to-morrow will see us far away."

Lady Rosamond, too much exhausted to speak, nodded with a faint smile, but looked timidly at the cellar-door, upon which Gregory was now pounding furiously, swearing all the time.

"O never mind him, your ladyship," resumed Clara. "He can't get out, if he kicks his feet off, and he's got a whole candle and more wine than he can drink—he won't suffer. Besides, he'll be relieved to-night. Sit here a minute, till I run for your ladyship's hood and mantle, and take a little sup, just one, of this wine I brought out with me. Poor Gregory didn't get the whole."

Lady Rosamond drank a little of the wine with some water, and we all did the same. Then Clara, having wrapped up her lady in a cloak, drew the hood over her face so that no one could see it, and stole out through the garden. My mother insisted on loading herself with a bundle of the nicest of those beautiful fabrics which I had admired so much, and which she declared should not be wasted on those vile soldiers.

We reached home safely and unsuspected, and in the course of the day, Clara contrived to see Lord George and tell him where his wife awaited him, and that very night he came and carried her off with Clara. They left us a great

sum in money, and a promise that when it was safe to do so, they would send for us to come and live with them. A few months after we got a letter from Clara, very carefully written, in case it should be opened by the wrong hand, in which she said: "Those friends of yours came safely to port, and are living in great peace and contentment." This was the last we ever heard, for a little while after, my father came home from sea, and he and my mother emigrated to this country, which was then just beginning to be spoken of as a good place to live in. Years after, I asked my mother who Lady Rosamond was, and why the soldiers wanted so much to find her and her husband. But though it was so long gone by, mother seemed afraid to say much about it. She told me, however, that Lord George was concerned in a plot against the king, and had come over from Holland with letters from the Pretender, as he was called, to the leading men of his party in England.

All had gone well, until one morning as he was entering his own house, he was seen and recognized by a cousin of Lady Rosamond's, who had been a disappointed suitor for her hand. This man, actuated by revenge towards his cousin, and hatred to Lord George, had immediately lodged information against them, and was probably the man in the mask, who accompanied the party."

"And what became of Gregory, nursey?"

"Indeed I don't know, child. Probably he kept on drinking and kicking at the door, until the next night, and then was released by some of his companions. At any rate, I never heard anything more of him, or indeed of any of them. And now it is little Miss Nelly's bed-time."

So ended my nurse's tale, or rather one out of many of them.

#### A SMART FOX.

In a recent lecture upon his experience in Arctic life, Dr. Rae said:—"On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to look as much like a hare as possible (which is an animal comparatively worthless). Another fact of this kind occurred to me whilst being detained at a particular place, where our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was with a spring gun connected with a bait, which when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate, or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort."

## ROSA BONHEUR.

She has already made a fortune, but has bestowed it entirely on others, with the exception of a little farm a few miles from Paris, where she spends a great deal of her time. Such is her habitual generosity, and so scrupulous is her delicacy in all matters connected with her art, that it may be doubted whether she will ever amass any great wealth for herself. Her portfolios contain nearly a thousand sketches, eagerly coveted by amateurs; but she regards these as a part of her artistic life, and refuses to part with them on any terms. A little drawing which accidentally found its way into the hands of a dealer, a short time since, brought £80 in London. Rosa had presented it to a charity, as she now and then does with her drawings. Demands for paintings reach her from every part of the world, but she refuses all orders not congenial to her talent, valuing her own probity and dignity above all price. The award of the jury in 1853 (in virtue of which the authoress of "The Horse Market" was enrolled among the recognized members of the brush, and as such exempted from the necessity of submitting her works to the examining committee previous to their admission to future exhibitions) entitled her, according to French usage, to the cross of the Legion of Honor. This decoration was refused to the artist by the emperor because she was a woman! The refusal, repeated after her brilliant success of 1855, naturally excited the indignation of her admirers, who could not understand why an honor that would be accorded to a certain talent in a man, should be refused to the same in a woman. But though Rosa was included in the invitation to the state dinner at the Tuilleries, always given to the artists to whom the Academy of Fine Arts has awarded its highest honor, the refusal of the decoration was maintained, notwithstanding numerous efforts made to obtain a reversal of the imperial decree. In person she is small, and rather under the middle height, with a finely-formed head, and broad rather than high forehead; small, well-defined, regular features, and good teeth, hazel eyes, very clear and bright; dark brown hair, slightly wavy, parted on one side and cut short in the neck; a compact, shapely figure; hands small and delicate, and extremely pretty little feet. She dresses very plainly, the only colors worn by her being black, brown and gray; and her costume consists invariably of a close-fitting jacket and skirt of simple materials. On the rare occasions when she goes into company (for she accepts very few of the invitations with which she is assailed), she appears in the same simple costume, of richer materials, with the addition merely of a lace collar. She wears none of the usual articles of feminine adornment; they are not in accordance with her thoughts and occupations. Rosa Bonheur is an indefatigable worker. She rises at six, and paitis until dusk, when she lays aside her blouse, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets alone, or accompanied only by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of everything around her, the first conception of a picture is often struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.—*Mrs. Ellet on Women.*

## A MOURNING CITY.

The number of ladies dressed in deep mourning, which one now meets daily in the streets of San Francisco, is truly remarkable and solemn. In walking through Montgomery Street, the other day, we counted not less than forty-five, in the short space between Bush and Washington Streets. Were the cause not explained, this fact might lead to the presumption that our city was unhealthy; but nothing could be further from the truth. It results from the uncommon number of deaths from scarlatina, or scarlet fever, which has prevailed the past year to an extent hitherto unknown in California. The averages of this scourge have, however, not been confined to this city. It is remarked in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Nevada, San Louis Obispo, San Diego, Shasta, and Butte counties.—*San Francisco Herald.*

## REPARTEE.

"I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, 'As sober as a judge.' It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. 'It is perfectly true,' replied the judge, 'as most of these old saws are. They are characteristic, at least, for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say—"As sober as a judge," and "As drunk as a lord."'" Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say—"I know there are men too fond of the *bar* to *sit* on the *bench*, and that there are peers who richly deserve a *drop*. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## SHORT TRUTHS.

A "retiring" disposition is appropriate only to those who have money to fall back upon.—The worst sort of *I-dolatry* is egotism.—A mental reservation is that which under-lies a statement.—A draughtsman must lead a checkered life.—When a gentleman is seen often with a young lady, his attentions are apt to be misconstrued.—Life is an auction, where we hear little less than "going, going, gone;" but he does not always get the best bargain who makes that "last bid"—namely, farewell!—The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.—A broken engagement is always the precursor of a cry-sis.—Individual contributions make up the commonwealth. The government's favor, however, secures un-common wealth.—*London Punch.*

## TIME AND SUBSTANCE.

Time is but a flame; it is what is done in time that is the substance. What are twenty-four centuries to the hard rock, more than twenty-four hours to man, or twenty-four minutes to the ephemera? "Are there not periods in our own existence," writes an ingenious thinker, "in which space, computed by its measure of thoughts, feelings and events, mocks the penury of man's artificial scale and comprises a lifetime in a day?"—*Bulwer.*

[ORIGINAL.]  
**OUR CHASTENING.**

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON. \*

Last night, when the sun went down to rest,  
 In a fiery, molten sea,  
 Wore never a monarch's couch, I ween,  
 Such regal canopy.

And still, in the warmth of the crimson glow,  
 And still, in the golden gleam,  
 Came the sickening thought that ne'er again  
 Should we watch its fading beam;

For he who had made that dear old home  
 Welcome and warm and bright,  
 We knew, by the weary pain in our hearts,  
 Was going home that night.

The shadows lay close to the old hearthstone,  
 And across an old arm-chair;  
 But changed to a flood of golden light,  
 As it fell on his snowy hair.

The stars came out in their quiet light,  
 And we fancied that they could feel,  
 And tried to shut their pitying eyes  
 To the grief they could not heal.

And all through that solemn eventide,  
 And all through the livelong night,  
 We watched with an anguish before unknown,  
 For the parting spirit's flight.

And when the new day with a bounding step  
 Came up o'er the eastern hill,  
 The hand we had pressed, the lips we had kissed,  
 Were lying cold and still.

And a shadow lay on the garden path,  
 And lodged in the trees above;  
 But we knew, and we tried so hard to feel,  
 "It was only done in love."

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE MARTINET.**

BY ARTHUR L. STONE.

CAPTAIN MEACHEM, master and part owner of the ship Whirlwind—little Bob Meachem—small in stature, and in intellect, but a great man in his own opinion, was in the strictest sense of the term a martinet, a fussy, fretful, over-nice fellow, in short a perfect “old Betty.”

He was not usually tyrannical or overbearing, and always gave his men an abundance of good food; but his uncomfortable disposition was so widely known that he frequently found considerable difficulty in shipping a crew, for of all captains, your true Jack Tar most dislikes a martinet, a man who would experience more real vexation at the sight of a spot on his white decks, or a rope hanging loose, than at the loss of a

mast, or the destruction of a whole suit of sails.

On one occasion, after remaining longer than usual in port, from this very cause, he succeeded in shipping an excellent crew, consisting of twelve able and four ordinary seamen, all fine-looking, stout-built fellows, good sailors and brave men, who would cheerfully obey any reasonable command, however difficult or dangerous of execution, but were not to be imposed upon, or “worked up” without remonstrance.

The ship was bound to Havana, and for a day or two after leaving port, everything progressed smoothly. All hands were kept at work until the decks were cleared up, running rigging set up, and everything made shipshape. This labor was accomplished by the afternoon of the second day out, when the watch was set below, and the regular routine of sea life began.

On the following afternoon an incident occurred which gave the men their first insight into their commander. After dinner, as the weather was very fine, Captain Meachem took an armchair, a book and a cigar on deck, and seated himself by the side of the binnacle, where the spanker formed an awning over his head. By the time his cigar was consumed he felt the need of a more potent stimulus, and called to the steward for a glass of brandy. One of the captain’s faults, which we had forgotten to mention, was his love of ardent spirits. He was always strictly temperate while in port, but invariably balanced this compulsory self-denial by a free indulgence at sea. Instead, however, of drinking deeply enough at any one time, to make himself completely intoxicated, he imbibed almost constantly, but in such quantities as to keep him continually fretful and peevish.

The steward promptly brought the brandy, and presently a second glass was called for, which soon followed its predecessor down the captain’s throat. By this time the old man began to grow raving, and after pacing several times across the deck, cast his eye around him for some pretext for finding fault, and thus relieving his mind.

Geordie McDonald, a burly, good-humored Scotchman, stood at the wheel, thinking, no doubt, of the “land o’ cakes and brother Scots,” and perchance of some pretty Bessie, or Highland Mary he had left behind him. Suddenly his wandering thoughts were recalled to the actual world by the captain’s voice.

“How does she head?” he snarled, somewhat after the manner of an ill-natured cur.

“South by east,” replied Geordie, forgetting in his abstraction to add the “sir.”

“What’s that? What do you say?” growled his majesty.

"South by east," repeated Geordie.

"O, you impudent scoundrel," shouted the captain, shaking his fist at Geordie, who could not for the life of him imagine in what manner he had offended his superior.

"Relieve the wheel," continued Meachem, in a loud voice. One of the watch immediately came aft and took the wheel from Geordie's hands.

"Now!" cried the captain, dealing the Scotchman a violent blow in the face which sent him into the lee scuppers, "take that! Henceforth remember that there's a handle to my name."

"Ay, sir" replied Geordie, as he picked himself up. "But, do you ken we have handles to rum jugs in my country!" And he started forward.

"Mr. Wilcox," roared the captain, addressing himself to the mate, "send that impudent Scotchman to slush her down fore and aft, then let him scrape the rust off the anchors till supper time."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Wilcox; and poor Geordie was "worked up" for the remainder of the afternoon.

During the second dogwatch that evening, this incident was freely and fully discussed in the forecastle, and it was unanimously resolved that a captain who would knock a man down for simply forgetting to add the "sir" to his name, was unreasonable, and furthermore, that Captain Meachem had got the wrong boys aboard if he expected to play the bully.

The next day passed without any striking exhibition of the captain's peculiar characteristics, with the exception of a severe lecture which the officer of the deck received upon the occasion of Meachem's finding a piece of ropeyarn nearly three inches long upon the quarter-deck.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the captain, in the course of his remarks, "the officer who would permit a ropeyarn to encumber the deck, and offend the eye of his superior, would not scruple to go to sleep in his watch on deck, steal the chain cable in port, and sell it for old iron, or cut his captain's throat. Neatness, sir, is as far ahead of godliness, as the flying jib-boom is ahead of the taffrail. If you go on in this way, I predict that you will end your days upon the gallows, and bring the gray hairs of your aged parents in sorrow to the grave."

"That can't be, sir," interrupted the mate, who was something of a wag in his way. "My father is bald, and my mother wears a wig."

"Silence!" thundered the captain. "I am perfectly astonished at your depravity. Next to a want of neatness, the habit of indulging in un-

seemly levity is most criminal. I have but very little hope of you, although the Bible (?) says that

"'While the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.'"

Captain Meachem was very fond of quoting the Scriptures, and the foregoing is a fair specimen of his correctness. A famous Bible quotation of his was Pope's well-known line:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"Now," continued Meachem, "remove that unsightly object from my quarter-deck, and if I ever again find a just cause for anger, there will be trouble between you and I!" And the pompous little fellow stuck his thumb in his vest pockets and strutted aft.

"Come this way, a couple of you, with handspikes," exclaimed the mate.

Two men immediately hastened aft with capstan bars, procured from the rack around the mainmast.

"Now, then, get a purchase under that Irish pennant, heave it alongside the rail, then get a heavy tackle and hoist it overboard," commanded the mate, who was not a little amused at the absurdity of the captain's conduct.

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" demanded Meachem, turning abruptly as he heard the mate's commands.

"By no means, captain, I only wished to get this terrible encumbrance into the sea with all possible despatch."

"Drop your handspikes, you lubbers, and one of you chuck that ropeyarn overboard quicker'n lightning, or there'll be a row," exclaimed the captain, addressing himself to the men, without deigning to notice the mate.

Upon this, the "Irish pennant" was quietly thrown overboard; but the mate had succeeded in placing the captain in a most ridiculous position, and all the circumstances of the affair were soon reported forward.

This happened on Saturday, the third day of the passage. During the first and second days out, the decks had been thoroughly holystoned, and there was not yet so much as a spot to mar their purity, for they had been carefully washed down in the morning, swept at noon, and again washed off during the first dogwatch. The next day being the Sabbath, and the ship being now at sea, the men, of course expected to be on that day released from all labor except the necessary operations of trimming the yards, and making or shortening sail as might be required.

Consequently the morning watch were not a little surprised at being aroused from their com-

fortable nooks in which they had stowed themselves, at six o'clock, by these orders from the quarter-deck :

" Lay aft here the watch. Man the force pump and draw buckets. Call the other watch to holystone."

This was not only an unexpected but a most disagreeable commencement of the appointed day of rest ; but there was no alternative but to obey, and the port watch tumbled lazily aft, while the third mate opened the forecastle door to call the starbowlines.

" Starboard watch ah-o-o-y ! Turn out, ye sleepers ; this is Sunday morning, and you must take a turn at your Bibles and prayer-books." (Large holystones, which are drawn along the decks by ropes attached to ringbolts inserted in the end of the stone, are called by the sailors, Bibles ; while the smaller hand stones, which are used for scrubbing—the scubees kneeling on deck, and plying the stone with both hands—are called prayer-books.)

With many strong expressions of disgust, the starbowlines tumbled out of their bunks, jumped into their clothing and proceeded to take out the Bibles and prayer-books from the boatswain's locker.

" It's too bad, boys," exclaimed the mate, coming forward. " It's altogether too bad, but I can't help it. It's the old man's orders."

" He be *somethinged* !" exclaimed one of the men.

Another added violent imprecation upon the old man's optics ; but the mate pretended not to hear these polite remarks, and continued :

" I shouldn't think a man that has the Bible at his tongue's end, like Captain Meachem, would forget the commandment in regard to the Sabbath."

" I reckon he reads it like this, sir," interposed the man who had so unceremoniously consigned his skipper to perdition :

" Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou art able,  
And on the seventh, holystone the decks and scrape the iron cable."

" I guess he does, Jack," replied the mate, laughing. " But come, come boys, turn to and have a bad job over as quick as possible."

Accordingly the men hastened aft, with their holystones, buckets of sand and bars of soap, to give the already snow-white quarter-deck a fresh scouring.

" Don't scrub too hard, boys, so as to wake the old man up," said the mate, as they commenced operations, giving at the same time a sly wink to Jack Ratline.

" Ay, ay, sir," responded Jack, seizing a prayer-book and squatting down upon the deck directly over the captain's stateroom. As the mate observed Jack demurely apply the water, soap and sand to a piece of the deck about three feet square, exactly over the head of the old man's berth, and roll up his sleeves for vigorous exertion, he turned away and walked forward to conceal his laughter.

Then Jack proceeded to " spread himself " on scrubbing, viciously shoving his prayer-book back and forth with great force and rapidity, creating a sound not unlike rumbling thunder, or the roar of heavy artillery. The perspiration ran down his face, as he labored, but he steadily continued his exertions, being determined, as he said, " to make his part on deck as white as any on 'em ;" and if he had been allowed to remain long in that particular spot, it is quite probable that he would have succeeded in doing what one of his shipmates advised him to do ; that is, scrub a hole through the deck, and drop the prayer-book on the old man's head.

He had been at work scarcely five minutes, however, when Captain Meachem made his appearance at the head of the companionway, partly dressed, and evidently in a great rage.

" What do you mean, you villain, by scrubbing right over my head before I had turned out ?" exclaimed the irate little skipper.

" I didn't know but what you had turned out, sir," replied Jack, with amusing nonchalance. " I thought this was the place where you generally set when you was on deck, and I took it bekase I reckon I kin holystone a deck whiter than ary other man aboard."

" It's quite likely you can, judging from the energy which you have just displayed, and which has been the means of waking me from a pleasant dream of home," replied Meachem, somewhat mollified by the implied consideration for his comfort which Jack had exhibited, and scarcely knowing whether to be angry or gracious.

" I hope I haint offended you, sir," continued Jack, " cos I was only trying to do what I thought would please ye."

" You are perfectly excusable, Jack," replied the captain, whose wrath had now entirely disappeared. " It seems it was your zeal o do that which you thought would please me, pat caused you to scrub so energetically above my head ?"

" Zactly so, sir," replied Jack, pushing his cap.

" Very well, then, you may continue to scrub the after part of the quarter-deck til the job is finished ; but before you go below you may stop

at the pantry, and the steward will give you the wherewithal to splice the main brace."

"Thank ye, sir," responded Jack, resuming his labor in great glee, and "laying the flattering unction to his soul" that he had not only made the "lazy bugger" turn out, but had earned a glass of grog by his scrubbing operations.

After two hours of hard labor, the quarter-deck was thoroughly holystoned. The port watch, meanwhile, had washed down the main-deck, and now, breakfast being ready, all the men were sent below, except two ordinary seamen, who were kept on deck to finish their labor of polishing the brass work.

While the breakfast was discussed in the forecastle, the morning operations were also discussed, minus the first syllable of the word. Scarcely had the men finished their after-breakfast pipes, when again the order of :

"All hands on deck," fell upon their astonished ears.

"Turn out here," cried the second mate, poking his head into the forecastle. "Tauten up the running gear fore and aft. Get hold of the foretack, everybody."

The fore and maintacks and sheets were hauled taut, and then the same operation was performed upon the sheets, braces and halyards of the other sails. When all this was done, the men supposed that they would surely be allowed to go below in peace; but Captain Meachem was not yet satisfied.

"Pump ship, sir," said he, addressing himself to the mate, and accordingly the "old skiff" was pumped out.

"Now then, men, lay the ropes in Flemish coils, and then you may have the rest of the day to yourselves," continued Meachem, in a tone of gracious condescension.

"No thanks to you; you send us below cos yer can't find nothin' else to work us up on," muttered an indignant tar, loud enough for the captain o' hear him.

"What's that, sir?" demanded the skipper, the words coming forth in a similar manner to the yelp of an angry cur. "Do you dare to growl aboard of my ship? Crawl up into the main-togallant crosstrees, and stay there till I call you down."

The poor fellow was obliged to obey, and crawling slowly up the rigging, he perched himself upon the crosstrees, and amused himself by shaking his fist at the captain, whenever his back was turned, to the great delight of the mate, who observed these demonstrations of hostility. He was not called down until his shipmates had finished their dinner, and was obliged to make the

best meal he could upon the cold fragments remaining in the pens.

During the afternoon, a council of war was held in the forecastle, and it was finally decided that there should be no more Sunday holystoning on board the Whirlwind, that voyage, in spite of the old man. A method of abolishing this institution of Captain Meachem's was proposed and accepted, and two of the men were chosen to do that which should make future holystoning an impossibility.

On the mornings of Tuesday and Friday following, the Bibles and prayer-books were again brought in requisition, and the quarter-deck faithfully scoured. After this labor was finished on Friday, the captain was overheard to say to the mate :

"Next Sunday morning, sir, we will holystone the maindeck fore and aft."

This was promptly reported in the forecastle, and the unanimous opinion was expressed that "the old man would find himself slightly mistaken in that respect, when Sunday came."

At length the eventful morning arrived; the bell had scarcely chimed the four strokes which denote six o'clock, when again the order was passed forward to call the watch and get ready to "scour her down." The watch were out of their berths and dressed in an incredibly short time, and as they emerged from the forecastle the second mate came forward with the key of the boatswain's locker. But to his astonishment, he found upon opening this depository of holystones, marline-spikes, etc., that he was in that unpleasant position in which old Mother Hubbard found herself when she

—“Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone,  
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog got none.”

For lo! the holystones were now invent: sum;  
and, as Paddy would express it, when he looked where they were they wa'n't there!

"Here's a go!" exclaimed the officer. "Boys, the holystones are missing, do you know where they are?"

"Gone?" echoed the men, in well-feigned surprise. "No, sir, we don't know anything about 'em."

"You needn't tell me that. I know you've put 'em out of the way yourselves to get clear of using 'em."

"Vell, hi'm blessed hif that haint too bad, sir," exclaimed a cockney tar, who stood next to the second mate, "to haccuse hus hof 'ooking the 'olystones, ven you knows that we loves to 'olystone better'n we does to heat hour witties."

"That are aint according to the principles of our great free and enlightened republic, to accuse men of anything till yeou've got some proof agin 'em," added a Yankee.

At this moment the mate came forward, and the second mate informed him that the holystones were not in the boatswain's locker.

"Then I think they must be in another locker," replied the mate.

"What locker do you think they're in, sir?" asked the second dickey.

"Davy Jones's," drily replied the mate.

"So I think, sir, and these villains have chuck'd 'em overboard; but I'll go and tell the old man, and I guess he'll fix 'em." And off he posted for the cabin.

In a few minnites the old man came on deck in a terrible rage, declaring he'd flog the whole ship's company if they didn't instantly tell what they had done with the holystones. All hands were called aft and questioned, but one and all denied knowing anything whatever of the missing Bibles and prayer-books, and at length the captain came to the wise conclusion that it wouldn't be safe to punish the whole crew for what might have been the fault of a single person.

"Never mind," said he, "if you have thrown the holystones overboard, you sha'n't get clear of scouring. Mr. Wilcox, unship the two grindstones, and let them be used for holystones; then take that soapstone slab in the galley and saw it up into hand stones."

This was done immediately, and the work of holystoning was performed as usual, the grindstones serving as Bibles, and the blocks of soapstone as prayer-books. Of course it was more difficult to scour the deck white with these rude contrivances than with proper stones, and the men unanimously decided at breakfast time that they had "shot their granny" that time!

However, it was not too late to remedy this unforeseen difficulty, for if holystones could disappear so mysteriously, why might not grindstones also vanish? A hint to this effect was sufficient to inspire all with a belief that some of these fine mornings the extempore holystones would be found to have followed their predecessors. Nor were they mistaken. On Tuesday morning, search was made for the grindstones and soapstone slab, but they too were missing.

At this discovery the old man raved till he could hardly speak from hoarseness, and cursed till the air was blue; but without effect.

"Ah, you scoundrels," he at length exclaimed, "I'll fix you for this. You shall now begin to scrape the masts, and as you have thrown the grindstones overboard, you must do it with dull

knives; but by Heaven you shall make every inch of the masts as bright as a new dollar!"

Accordingly all hands were set at work to scrape the masts, which were unpainted, from the royal trucks to the deck. Next to "slushing down," scraping is one of the most disagreeable tasks that a sailor is ever called upon to perform. To be obliged to sit in the bight of a rope, swinging about the mast, and scrape the hard wood bright, is decidedly unpleasant at any time, but tenfold worse when your knife is dull, and long before night the crew of the Whirlwind began to fear that they had a second time destroyed their venerable maternal ancestor.

There were but two men, it will be remembered, who knew what had become of the missing stones, and they kept their own counsel. As the men went forth, next morning, to renew their labor of scraping, they were surprised to see the two grindstones restored to their places in the frames, ready for use; but their surprise did not prevent them from taking advantage of their recovery, to sharpen their knives and scrapers.

When Captain Meachem came on deck, he was informed that the grindstones had mysteriously re-appeared.

"Very well," said he, "before night I will have them taken into the cabin, and to-morrow morning we will holystone the decks again."

The work of scraping progressed rapidly now, and before night the scrapers had got as far down as the lower mastheads. About five o'clock in the afternoon the steward placed the grindstones in the half deck and locked them up.

At the usual hour next morning the men were ordered to turn to and holystone; but before the second mate could bring out the grindstones, the port watch had come aft with the proper holystones in their hands.

"Where in thunder did you find those stones?" asked the second mate.

"In the boatswain's locker," was the reply.

The second mate looked incredulous, but said nothing further about the subject, and bade the men go to work at once. After the decks were thoroughly scoured, the holystones were placed in the half deck, and the grindstones were again brought on deck. Captain Meachem now flattened himself that the holystones were beyond the reach of the men; but his curiosity was not a little excited to know where they had been kept since their disappearance.

The work of scraping was finished by Saturday night, and on Sunday morning again the work of holystoning was attempted, but strange to say, both holystones and grindstones had again disappeared.

This time the captain's rage knew no bounds. After cursing the men to his heart's content, he ordered strict search to be made for the missing stones in the forecastle, between decks and hold; but after the whole forenoon had been spent in this hopeless task, during which every chest and bunk in the forecastle, and every nook and cranny of the hold had been explored, without finding the stones, he concluded that this time they must have been thrown overboard, and retired below to plan some means of punishing the crew.

Something in their appearance, however, warned him not to go too far, and at length he concluded to say no more about the matter, but to work the men up as much as possible during the remainder of the voyage. The officers were ordered to keep every man awake in his watch on deck at night, and various eye-openers were specified as proper to be used for this purpose, among which was the ingenious one of hooking the two blocks of a tackle to ringbolts in the deck several feet apart, and making the men swing away for hours together upon the fall, without, of course, gaining a tenth part of an inch.

The officers, however, did not obey these orders, and the men continued to enjoy their stolen naps as usual. On the following Tuesday morning the second mate had occasion to go to the boatswain's locker for a marline-spike, and upon opening the door discovered that the holystones had been again restored to their proper place.

It is needless to describe the many mysterious disappearances and re-appearances of the holystones during the remainder of the voyage. Suffice it to say that they were never to be found on Sunday, and only once a week on a week day. Captain Meachem had them stowed in various places, but put them wherever he would, they were sure to disappear until the following Friday. At length it became so well understood that on this day alone the holystones could be found, that no attempt was made to scour the decks at any other time.

In due time the Whirlwind reached Havana, took in her cargo, sailed for home, and arrived at New York, hauled into the dock and discharged her crew. On the following day the men came aboard to be paid off, and as they received their wages, one after another departed. At length only one of the crew remained upon the ship. As he pocketed his "spondoolicks," he turned toward the captain, saying:

"I suppose, cap'n, you'd like to know where them holystones are?" (The stones had again been missing since the preceding Friday.)

"Yes, I should. Where are they?" replied Meachem.

"Well, cap'n," said the man, backing toward the cabin door, "they're under the lower bunk in your stateroom!" And he made a hasty exit.

The captain could scarcely credit this; but he hastened to his stateroom, and there indeed were the missing holystones, snugly stowed beneath his berth—probably the only place on board which had not been explored in the search for the stones after their second disappearance.

The man exhibited to the mate before he left the ship, the manner in which the stones had been placed there. It seems he had first carried them down between decks through the forecastle, then walked aft, and standing on the transom, raised a small hatch in the after cabin floor, through which he gained easy access to the cabin. Then, first making sure that the old man was asleep, he slipped into the stateroom, and deposited the holystones in their novel place of concealment.

The captain could scarcely help smiling at the ingenious manner in which he had been outwitted, and as he had no longer any authority over the rascals, the subject was immediately dropped, and from that time forth nothing more was heard about the lost holystones.

#### PICKLED CORPSES.

It is not generally known that at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, the residence of the late Madame de Staél, and her father and mother, the celebrated Monsieur and Madame Necker, the latter are not there buried, but are preserved in a huge vat of spirits of wine. The curious—and they are not few—rush there to see this most painful as well as disagreeable of sights. It was so much the desire of Monsieur Necker that he and his wife should be pickled in this strange manner, that, fearing his own family might not carry out his wishes, he left a certain sum to be paid yearly to the town for the supply of a certain quantity of spirits of wine for that purpose. The vat is placed in the grounds close to the house, and partially hid by trees which his grandson, Monsieur le Baron de Staél, had planted round it.—*Court Journal*.

#### THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the rank grows thinner, they that remain till now become weary and lie down to rise no more. At three-score and ten a band of some four hundred still struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.—*Economist*.